Maxwell
Holt
roy

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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Winds and Women.

"The North wind chills, and East wind stings,
The West wind woes, the South wind sings."
The Ladder of Light.

"....mulier, cupido quod dicit amanti
In vento, et rapida scribere oportet aqua."
CATULLUS.

The South wind blew, and its breath was a song,
As we loiter'd the shore along,
Under the light of the sun-kiss'd moon,
Setting soon.
Whisper'd the ripples, murmured the leaves,
Melody soft of the autumn eves.
But the song of the South came sweeter far,
Like a voice from Venus, evening star.

And I said, "O woman and winds, they change,
And through every point of the compass range!
Who cares for the daughtes of Aquilo,
Fast yet slow?
With the eagle's scream and the eagle's beak,
That's the woman of science, a creature unique."
My lady laugh'd, and her rosy mouth
Seem'd to echo the song of the South.

"Daughter of Eurus is a still worse churl,
With her stinging sneer at a prettier girl,
With scandalous stories eager to blight
Love's delight.
Never she'll tread Cythera's glade,
But go to the devil a sour old maid,"
Like the drip of a fountain crystal clear
Was my lady's laugh at the words severe.

"But the musical daughter of Auster sings
Melody sweeter than aught with wings,
And thy nymph as a wooer comes to us,
Zephyrus!
The girl of the South is a fairy flower,
With a fragrance strange at the midnight hour.
The girl of the West is a deep red rose,
On whose happy breast there is sweet repose."

The moon was dipping. My lady laughed.
"Little you know of a woman's craft,
I, to a bore or a canting priest,
Blow due East.
I've a Northern chill for the fools who annoy,
And a Southern song for lovers of joy.
And now I shift to the West and woo
Somebody. Somebody—you know who."
—*London World.*

HOUSE CLEANING.

My wife's name is Angelica, and never was name more fittingly bestowed or more gracefully worn. I think I could call her by no other, unless it were Mary, for there is something in her face wonderfully like the Sistine Madonna. As she walks by my side, the good angel of my life, she seems to me a being of almost another sphere, a creature all too bright and fair for the common-place surroundings amid which her life with me is cast.

"We walk not with the jewelled great.
Where love's dear name is sold,
Yet have we wealth we would not give
For all their wealth of gold.
We revel not in corn or wine,
Yet have we from above
Manna divine, and we'll not pine,
Do we not live and love?"

How I, plain Seth Smiley, ever dared aspire to the hand of this peerless creature, how I won her at last from a host of despairing suitors, remains, nnd ever must remain, one of the unfathomable mysteries. "Love goes where it is sent," says the old saw, and I know that Angelica's love was sent to me to be the comfort, the blessing and the crowning glory of my life.

Our home is in the suburbs—of the modern Athens—a neat, cozy house, set in a blooming garden. It has no pretensions to elegance, but it is our very own, our only wealth save the income of my profession, small as yet but steadily increasing. Our life is an idyl, like that our first parents must have lived in Paradise.

But at one season of the year, a serpent enters our Eden, and woefully beguiles my Eve, by his baleful presence casting a mildew and a blight over what was else so fair. That season is house cleaning.

Two weeks ago, on coming home from the city, I found my wife entertaining a caller, Mrs. Magnus Loftus, a cousin of hers and a lady of the highest fashion. In the course of the conversation, which with Mrs. Loftus never takes a spiritual or an intellectual turn, Angelica chanced to remark how she dreaded the house cleaning, just at hand.

Cousin Dorothea, with a slight toss of that mountain of false hair, whereon sat a Parisian hat of fabulous magnificence, replied, "Dear me, how fortunate I am to be rid of all such vulgar cares? I really never know when it is house cleaning time. My Martha always attends to such things, and to-day she told me it was all done."

"Done!" echoed Angelica. "Such a revolution going on in your house, and you know nothing about it."

"La, yes," replied Mrs. Loftus. "Martha knows how I hate to be annoyed by such disagreeable matters, and she goes on with the work so quietly that I never hear a lisp of it until it's all over. She manages to do my rooms when I am out calling or shopping or at some public entertainment. She's English and such a treasure! Expensive, of course, but trained abroad as housekeeper in a nobleman's family. I shouldn't know how to live without her, and would pay her twice her present wages rather than lose her. She manages my house and all my servants, and I really have nothing to do but enjoy life."

After a few more such revelations, intended to impress us humble folk with the perfect ease and unbounded magnificence of her life, our wealthy cousin bade us a patronizing farewell, and rode away in her carriage.

"Angelica, darling," said I, as we sat down to our six o'clock dinner, that most cozy and delightful meal of the day to a suburban doing business in the city, and allowing himself only a hurried meal at noon—"Angelica, see what you have lost in not marrying Mr. Loftus. You were his first choice, you know, and he would never have looked at your cousin Dorothea if you had said yes. Now, Dorothea, you see, lives at her ease; like the lilies of the field, she toils not neither does she spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto her. She has oceans of money, and that is an open sesame to all worldly delights; she says "to one go and he goeth; and to another come and he cometh.' She has no vulgar cares.'

"But she is vulgar herself," replied Angelica, "if she is my cousin; and as to that Magnus Loftus, why, you dear old darling, do you think I'd give you for him with all his riches? Why, I would rather starve with you in a dungeon than share the proudest throne on earth with him—I'd rather—"

"That'll do, my dear," I said, but Angelica impetuously threw her arms around my neck and almost smothered me with kisses.

A change came over the spirit of my dream. The spring house cleaning was hastening on apace, and yet, so shortsighted are mortals, like a foolish child I went on plucking flowers upon the brink of a volcano. I came home one evening—it was the second day of May. May day my Angelica always keeps a sort of poetic festival, and then, making a precipitous descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, she invariably begins house cleaning on the second.

Strangely forgetful of the advent of that dreadful day, I entered the house hopeful and jubilant. No Angelica ran to meet me. Carpets were up, bedsteads were down, wardrobe and bureau drawers had disgorged their treasures upon sofas and chairs; the contents of the china closet were piled up in the kitchen sink, while a grim array of pots and kettles frowned upon you from the china closet. The parlor furniture adorned the woodshed. It seemed as if "Eurus, Notus and Africus, frequent in storm," had washed and stirred up our household depths from their lowest foundations. If you wanted to find anything whose normal place was the attic, you must look for it down cellar.

The eternal order of things was subverted; chaos had come again. Paperhangers were up stairs, white-washers down stairs, house-painters in my lady's chamber.

Our hopeful son, Claud Lorraine, his face begrimed with soot and sticky with molasses candy, crouched before the open fireplace in the dining-room, exploring the mysteries of the coal-hod and the grate, and with great apparent gusto devouring a bunch of lucifer matches; while his twin brother, Paul Veronese, perched upon the top of the sideboard, was beating tattoos around him right and left with a carpet hammer, to the great detriment of the glass ware, as may be supposed. (Angelica, being an amateur artist, is responsible for the names of our twins. My tastes are more plebian, and I would far rather have christened them Jack and Jim.)

With one hand I snatched the poisonous matches from Claud, and with the other I wrenched the hammer from Paul Veronese, and rescued him from his perilous situation. He took the matter very philosophically, conscious, I suppose, that he had done all the mischief his failing strength would allow. With a face beaming through dirt and molasses, like the full moon through a cloud, he exclaimed, "Oh, papa, wasn't I high?" But Claude, deprived of the privilege of poisoning himself or setting the house on fire, straightway "set up a yell," and ran for redress to his mother, who was now engineering matters in the hall.

My eyes now, for the first time, wandered over to my angel, my Angelica—and what a fall was there, my countrymen! She wore an old, bedraggled calico skirt, and over it a Japanese dressing gown of mine, in its best days resembling Joseph's coat of many colors, but now looking as though it had just come from the ragman's. Her liliputian feet were encased in a pair of my brobdignagian slippers, and her tiny hands in my heavy garden gloves. Her hair, wavy and abundant, and of that exquisite golden auburn hue old painters loved so well, was quite concealed by a coarse, crash towel, pinned turban-wise around her head; her face was powdered with lime and coal dust, and on the tip of her Grecian nose was a daub of lamp-black. In one hand she brandished a broom; while with the other she waved a feather duster aloft in the air. Her voice, usually so low and sweet, "that excellent thing in a woman," now rose sharp and shrill, as she strode up and down, marshaling her clan, and, like a doughty generalissimo, giving the word of command.

"I think it is high time you was here, Mr. Seth Smiley!" she cried, savagely, as I meekly thrust in my head at the door. "All this heavy lifting to be done, and never a man about the house to help. You knew I was going to commence house cleaning to-day, and you ought to have come home early."

"My love, I really forgot this was the second of May," I replied humbly; "and even if I had thought of it, I could not have come. You know I have no time or inclination for this sort of work, and there are plenty of stout Irishmen you might hire."

"Hire!" echoed Angelica; "I'd really like to know where the money's coming from. Perhaps you have plenty of money, but I don't happen to see much of it."

All this in a tone a Billingsgate fishwife might have envied, and with angry jerks between the words. Was this loud, colding wom an, in her grotesque attire—this woman plunging into the roughest of rough household work, which I would have hired done a hundred times rather than have her attempt it—was this really my Angelica, or had some malicious old fairy spirited away that lovely creature, and set this changeling in her place?

Yes, this was indeed my wife—she with that lovely Madonna face, so like Raphael's dream of the blessed mother. This was my Angelica, goaded on by the vengeful furies—Angelica become a sort of raving Bacchante—Angelica possessed of the demon of house cleaning.

My wife tore off the gloves and the towel, and leading the way to the back kitchen, the only room in the house not utterly given over to the lord of confusion and misrule, she curtly invited me to sit down to a repast of dry bread and smoked herring.

Until ten o'clock that night, like a whipped spaniel, I followed my Angelica up and down obsequiously performing tasks from which my whole soul revolted. With this demon of house cleaning another and a worse always takes possession of the gentle breast—the demon of niggardliness. She positively refuses to hire outside help, and as our whole domestic force consists of only one maid-of-all-work, on these tremendous occasions I am expected to lend a helping hand every moment I am in the house.

Sunday, which in the present year of grace—1874—occurs on the 3d of May, gave us a brief respito; but five o'clock on Monday morning found Angelica, with fresh strength and ardor, renewing her subnecine warfare against dirt—that one arch enemy against whom at this season of the year all feminine Christendom rises up in one grand and united crusade.

For three hours I worked like a plantation slave under the eye of his task master. O, Hercules, what were your vaunted labors to mine? Then I beat a retreat to the city, my one ark of refuge. As I stepped outside the door, I said, in my blandest and most conciliating tones: "My love, I think I will buy tickets for the Handel and Hayden society Wednesday afternoon matinee; of course you would like to go."

Angelica opened her violet eyes and transfixed me with a stony, Medusa stare. For a moment she seemed like one stricken dumb, but at length her outraged feelings found vent in a torrent of indignant words, so rapidly that I could only catch here and the a few such disjointed expressions as, "absurd, preposterous, ridiculous—was there ever a man who wasn't a born idiot?"

For a whole week this uproar lasted, and during all this week never a gracious word did I receive from Angelica. I seemed all at once to have become an object of her supreme contempt, ridicule and aversion. Always making blunders, always in the way, she said. The most awkward, inefficient creature living. Were my fingers really all thumbs? Couldn't I tell my left hand from my right? Hadn't I one particle of common sense?'

I set up bedsteads, but down they came with a crash; I took apart the kitchen stove, but for the life of me couldn't tell how to put it together again; I hung pictures, but they were all awry; I tacked down carpets, only to have Angelica and Bridget flirt them up again; I broke the best looking-glass, and smashed the ormolu clock—a wedding present of Angelica's; I made sad havoc among a little group of statuettes, dear to my wife as exquisite works of art, and gifts from loving friends; yes, unhappy man that I was, I knocked off Beethoven's head and Handel's ear, and broke Psyche's classic nose! I jammed my fingers, sprained my ankle, and bruised my forehead and came very near breaking my neck; in short, though I did my best, I found myself most a stupendous failure.

One evening, as a peace offering, I brought home a new book by one of our most gifted lady writers, whom I knew to be an especial favorite with Angelica. Now, in her normal state, a new book always delights my wife as much as a new bonnet

"What did you bring that thing to me for?" she asked, as snatching a few moments' rest from her arduous labors, she lay on the lounge, enveloped in an old blanket shawl. "What time have I for reading, and what do these scribbling women's words really amount to after all? They'd better be attending to their household affairs. Supposing I spent my time writing books, a pretty state of affairs the would be about this house, would there not?"

"Isn't there a pretty state of affairs now," thought I, as I crawled away to the attic and crouched like a guilty thing behind a pile of boxes, looked over the new book and read my evening paper in peace.

"Can't you rest a few days from your house cleaning?" I ventured to say next morning. "You are fretting and wearying yourself to death. There are plenty of amusements in the city, and I shall be delighted to accompany you wherever you wish to go. And then I think it would be better to take things more easily, and not go on with such a rush."

Again that stony, gorgon stare. As well ask a commanding general to leave his post in the heat of battle, or a sentry to abandon his watch in the hour of greatest peril. No, the victory was but half won, and Angelica would not desert her standard now.

"You, of course, can go anywhere you please," she said severely. "Men are not fettered and tied down to these petty cares. The world of art and literature is all before them where they choose. They can lounge about their city offices, while their wives are drudging at home; they can lunch abroad on all the delicacies of the season, while we must be content to sit down to our picked-up dinners. They can come and go just when they please, and enjoy life in the fullest measure, while we must go on and on in an unvarying routine of labor and privation that might do for a galley slave, but is degrading for a woman of refined tastes and high aspirations. Of course, I speak of women like myself in the humbler walks of life—the wives of small traders and struggling professional men. Now, if I had only had the sense to marry Mr. Loftus when he asked me, how different my life might have been!"

"I wish to my soul you had!" cried I, angrily rushing out of the house, closing the door behind me with a bang. On my way into the city I questioned myself, "How long is this state of things going to last?" and a voice seemed to whisper in hollow tones, "Forever." Angelica can never be her former self. She seems to have gone stark, raving mad." As we passed the Somerville retreat for the insane, I could not forbear casting wistful glances toward that melancholy pile, and wondering if it would ever be my unhappy lot to convey thither the wife of my bosom.

Arrived at my office in Pemberton square, I took down my Blackstone and Chitty, and instinctively turned in each to the article on "divorce." I even found myself consulting my railway map or the shortest route to Indiana. I hoped these things would not come to any desperate pass, but I was terribly afraid they might.

The next day passed and the next, but things grew no better at home. Utter discomfort and wretchedness brooded over that once dear retreat to which I had been wont to flee as to an asylum from the anxieties and perplexities of the outer world. A more estranged, unhappy married pair than my wife and I certainly did not exist on earth; but the children reveled in dirt, and were gloriously, uproariously happy. In its normal state the human animal loves dirt, and that sense of cleanliness which is next to Godliness is inbred but not inborn.

And why shouldn't our little Claud and Paul be happy? Babies are never in so ecstatic frame of mind as when all the grown folks around them are supremely miserable. To keep ours quiet, their mother gave them unlimited supplies of bon-bons and bread and molasses, and let them range up and down with unkempt hair and unwashed faces, and slovenly attire, free and independent as the plains. And any earthly thing they wanted they knew they could get by screaming for it. So, scream they did, developing such stentorian powers of voice that I shall never again be apprehensive as to their soundness of lung.

One afternoon, while seated in my office, and thinking it was about time to go home, a sudden impulse seized me. I wrote a hasty note to Angelica: "Called to New York city on imperative business," and bade the office boy take it out to Angelica—I may as well confess that Mrs. Smiley and I had some words that morning, in which she had incidentally remarked that she had better take the children and go home to her mother. To which, like a brute, I had replied—"Yes, I think you had."

Three days I wandered aimlessly up and down the great city, for the business which could just as well have been transacted by letter, had occupied me only an hour. A feeling of homesicknees came over me, and I took the night train for Boston. At nine o'clock next morning I entered my office. "How have things gone in my absence?" I asked the clerk.

"Oh, nothing has happened, only that old Loftus was in high dudgeon because you failed to keep your appointment of day before yesterday, and swears that for the future he shall give his law business to your rival, next door."

"My most profitable client gone," thought I. "Such is life! But if I could only have my wife and children back to me, and my old home would be restored to me, there is no outside disappointment I could not bear."

The afternoon shadows were lengthening when with many misgivings I neared my home. I opened my front yard gate. My little children, with nicely curled hair and bright, clean faces and dainty white suits ran to me, followed by Angelica, beaming with smiles and in the loveliest home dress I had ever seen her wear.

My wife threw her arms about my neck. "Just look at your home, Seth!" she said, as she led me inside the door.

How fresh and bright and beautiful was all! and we sat down to a repast more daintily served than for a king. As an especial favor the twins were admitted to the table, and how charmingly the little darlings behaved.

"We have had a long siege of house cleaning this year," said Angelica, "but thank fortune it is all over now, and we can repose on our laurels. I have been very irritable and hateful, I know I have, Seth, but I was so harrassed, flustrated and weary, that I couldn't be my real self at all. And you were so awkward and blundering and smashed things to pieces so trying to help, that you irritated me past all endurance. But now that the house cleaning nightmare is over and I can quietly sit down and think things over, I know you did the very best you could. You'll forgive me, won't you, Seth?"

"Yes," I replied, "if you'll promise me never again to plunge body and soul into the frightfnl vortex of another house cleaning. You're not suited for this kind of work, and I'd rather hire it done for you a hundred times."

"But I wanted to economize, dear; and I have been reckoning up and find that by not hiring help I've saved enough to buy the loveliest summer bonnet. Real lace, French flowers, and oh, the sweetest thing!"

An expensive bonnet, thought I, as I recalled my hotel bill in New York, the loss of the richest client, articles of virtu my blundering prentice hand had ruined, and above all the unspeakable wretchedness, strife and bitterness of the psst two weeks. But I said nothing of this.

"I am glad that you are not one of these listless, fashionable drones, Angelica," I said, "I am proud of your thrift and industry and domestic capabilities, but there are rough, heavy kinds of work beyond your strength and ill-suited for your tastes. There are plenty of trained, vigorous hands which would gladly perform such work for you; there are honest worthy people all around you who suffer for the commonest necessaries of life, and who ask nothing better from the world than their share of its hard work, and the wages that work will bring. To aid these deserving ones, by giving them employment is the truest charity; and do you not think that money paid out in this way would be better spent than in buying French real lace bonnets and such expensive finery?"

"I did not look at the matter in that light," replied Angelica, "but I will be more thoughtful in the future. And now we will return to the old life," she added. "I can perform all needed household duties, and still find time for music and and drawing, for reading with you; and the children, little darlings, shall be neglected no more. Seth, if I live until May, I will prove to you that a spring house cleaning can be carried on without transforming one's home into a pandemonium."

And I know that Angelica will keep her word.

State of Britain in the Second Century.

In the second century Britain contained upwards of 100 cities; the principal were London, Colchester, Bath, Gloucester, Caarleon, Chester, Lincoln, and Chesterfield; most of them built upon land which the emperors had bestowed upon the veterans of those legions whose descendants formed the greater part of the population; the largest cities, about ten in number, enjoyed the jus Latii, which conferred, amongst other privileges, the right of electing their magistrates. The inferior ones, called stipendiaries, paid tribute to the emperor, and were governed by officers under the authority of the perfect. Thus we perceive that Britain owed to Rome, not only her first steps in the path of civilization, but her municipal government, a code of written laws, judges to interpret them, and civil instead of priestly tribunals; whilst, at the same time, her arts and refinements gradually wrought a change in the savage but warlike character of its inhabitants, who, previous to the invasion, lived in a state of barbarism, inhabiting wretched huts, built in the rudest form. The progress in architecture must have been rapid.—From Part I. of the New Edition of *Cassell's History of England.*

LIGHTNING.—A Fifth Ward-widow moved into her new house the other day, and her first six callers were lightning-rod agents. She bluffed them off one by one, but when the seventh came he said: "I don't claim that a rod will protect the house, but I do say if I was looking for a second wife I'd never marry a widow who didn't have a lightning rod on her house. And that's the way all rich men think." "You may put up two of 'em!" she promptly replied, "and be sure they are conspicuous, too!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ Ladies who have velvet polonaises left over from a past season can have them modernized at small expense by mounting a row of silk bows on the back, making deep cuffs, and Byron collars that are formed of small silk folds, with a cord in each fold, adding a single large, full pocket one side and the triple row of buttons in front.

The Beau of the Neighborhood.

If he is a gentleman, it is with feelings of despair rather than of exultation that he finds himself the most important person present. For a modest and well-meaning young man there can be few positions more embarrassing than that of the eligible bachelor in a country neighborhood. If he is possessed of good looks and pleasing manners, and is besides rich and well born, his case is serious. If, for some reason, he is obliged to live principally at home, his position is worthy of the deepest commiseration. He is probably as hard worked as the Heir-Apparent, and he would require the diplomacy of an Italian ambassador to steer clear of giving offence. He is not at all enamored of his position. He feels humiliated rather than complimented when the thought crosses his mind that the doctor's five daughters are all affected by the color of his tie, and know to a nicety the colour of his gloves. He would rather they would not take so much interest in the way he divides his hair. He is heartily sorry that they have not each half-a-dozen devoted lovers. He wishes they could experience the pleasure of refusing a proposal once a week or accepting two or three if they liked that better. It is not his fault that there are eight hundred thousand more women than men in the United Kingdom, or that the sexes seem to have changed positions, and that those who were formerly the seekers are now the sought. He does not see why young women are to be sneered at because at a party they like to find young men willing to pay them attention. He sees nothing unnatural in the fact that, when girls go to a ball, they prefer not to be obliged either to dance with each other or to sit still all the evening. He almost wishes the days of Sir Charles Grandison would return, when a lady found it difficult to protect herself from her numberless adorers. But he is helpless.—What is one amongst so many? The young ladies are so sweet that he does not know which is sweetest; so plentiful that they are overpowering; so willing to change their condition that he is bewildered. Polygamy is against the law; besides he does not even want to marry one. He would take a tour round the world if he could, but, as circumstances oblige him to stay at home, he has to resign himself to play his part and to appear on all occasions, as "best man." The families for miles around ask him to dinner on the slightest pretext, and are offended if he does not accept every invitation. The two old maiden ladies who live in the village, but whose father was a baronet, invite him to tea when their niece comes to stay with them. They hope he will fall violently in love with her over the muffins and village made cake. The clergymen for miles around expect him to come to their harvest-homes and be the admirer of five-and-twenty young ladies at least. No penny readings are worth anything unless he can put in an appearance. The young ladies persuade him to help decorate the Church at Christmas, and blush and smile when he hammers their fingers instead of the nails as he hangs up the wreaths. No christening is complete without him, and of course at weddings he is indipensable.—*The Saturday Review.*

Church Cats.

A church is divided into two parties. What one likes the other abhors. They feel it their duty to stick to it. In the devotional meeting they pray at each other's inconsistencies, hoping that the prayer will get to heaven, but by the way of Deacon Rafferty's pew, just stoping a moment to give him a shaking. If one wants the church built on the hill the other wants it down by the saw-mill. If one wants the minister to avoid politics, the other would like to have him get up on the side of the pulpit and give three cheers for John Brown's knapsack, which is said to be still "strapped on his back!" When Elder Bangs sits still in prayer, Elder Cranks stands up to show his contempt for such behavior. If one puts ten cents on the plate, the other throws a dollar on the top of it, to show his abhorrence of such parsimony. The whole church catches the quarrelsome spirit, and begins to go down. One half of the choir eats up the other half. The pew devours the pulpit, and the pulpit swallows the pew. The session takes down the trustees, and the trustees masticate the session. The Sunday-school and sewing society show their teeth, and run out their claws, and get their backs up, and spit fire. And church councils assemble to stop the quarrel and cry "Scat! scat!" to the infamous howlers. But the claws go on with their work, till there stands the old church by the wayside, windowless and forsaken—nothing more nor less than a monument to the dead ecclesiastical cats of Kilkenny!—*Rev. T. D. Talmage.*

☞ A Wisconsin editor illustrates the prevailing extravagance of the people of the present day, calling attention to the costly baby-carriages in use now; while, when he was a baby, they hauled him around by the hair of the head.

Healthful Beds.

Germany excels any other country with which I am famaliar in the cleanliness of its beds. It seems as much a part of yearly house-cleaning with them to have the hair removed from the mattrasses, to have it well beaten and sunned and the cover washed, as it is with us to have carpets whipped and freed from their disease-begetting dust. I grant that it would be a difficult and expensive undertaking for an American housekeeper, for skilled laborers are rare, and when found must be well paid, as they should be. Knowing the obstacle then, in the way to a thorough renovation of our beds, we should take all the more care to protect and air them. Every bed should have especially made for it, the size of a tick, a white, tacked comforter, not too thick, so as to be unmanageable in washing; over this the sheet is spread. Every bed in daily use should be subjected to the purifying rays of the sun at least once a week, and should be left open for the reception of air and light sometime before being made up. Beds not frequently used are often found very musty and disagreeable to guests. The parlor beds, that swallow their own contents by a magic touch, are fair without, but in time, for lack of proper airing, they become foul within.—*Science of Health.*

Superfluous Women.

Mrs. Livermore, in her lecture, says: Woman for ages past has only been allowed to suffer, and has not been able to come up and prove what she was able to do. Up to the eighteenth century, and even in the nineteenth century, she has been called by what was considered good authority, "a natural invalid." Colleges are opening for her joint education with the young men, and institutions devoted to her sole use. She is finding her way into many kinds of employment. The generally accepted theory of woman's life was that God has made her because man needed her, and it was this feeling that needed to be rooted out. She would not depreciate marriage, but she did not want girls to think that wifehood and motherhood were their only ends in life. To simply train women for domestics would be a great mistake, for such training would not result in producing good domestics even. As a rule, 105 boys are born to every 100 girls, but when the sexes arrive at a marriageable age the proportion is reversed, and the difference largely increased. War and dissipation cut off the men. Up to 100 years ago more than 35,000 million men had perished on the battle field. In 1867 the marriages in the United States were but 75 out of each 100 marriageable women, and the disproportion is now much greater. In Massachusetts to-day there are 70,000 marriageable women who remain single. The bug-bear of being an "old maid" or the evil effect of the present system of educating girls leads many of them to except offers of marriage which they ought to rejeet. In olden times the "superfluous women" were content because they knew no better, but this was not their feeling now. The tendency of the time is more and more toward single women, and they can be happy and self-supporting without marriage. The day which sees women as careful to choose virtuous husbands as men have been in the past to select virtuous wives, will mark the greatest social revolution of the age. In regard to the question of what to do with the superfluous women, she said that in some of the western States the men greatly exceeded the women in numbers, and judicious immigration might be advisable, but to cease demanding that women should only be trained for marriage was the only proper proceeding.

The Passions that Induce Disease.

The passions which act most severely on the physical life are anger, fear, hatred and grief. The other passions are apparently innocuous. What is called the passion of love is not injurious until it lapses into grief and anxiety; on the contrary, it sustains the physical power. What is called ambition is of itself harmless, for ambition, when it exists purely, is a nobility, lifting its owner entirely from himself into the exalted service of mankind. It injures when it is debased by its meaner ally, pride, or when stimulating a man to too strenuous efforts after some great object, it leads him to the performance of excessive mental or physical labor and to the consequences that follow such effort. The passion called avarice, according to my experience, tends rather to the preservation of the body than to its deterioration. The avaricious man, who seems to the luxurious world to be debarring himself of all the pleasures of the world, and even to be exposing himself to the fangs of poverty, is generally placing himself in the precise conditions favorable to a long and healthy existence. By his economy he is saving himself from all the worry incident to penury, by his caution he is screenihg himself from all the risks incident to speculation on the attempt to amass wealth by hazardous means; by the regularity of hours and perfect appropriation of the sunlight, in preference to artificial illumination, he rests and works in periods that precisely accord with the periodicity of nature; by this abstemiousness in living he takes just enough to live, which is precisely the right thing to do according to the rigid natural law. Thus, in almost every particular, he goes on his way freer than other men from the external causes of all the induced diseases, and better protected than most men from the worst consequences of those diseases which spring from causes that are uncontrollable.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

☞ The stars which have least circuit are nearest the pole, and men whose hearts are least entangled with the world are always nearest to God.—*Thomas Brooks.*

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

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Large Donation.

We see in the newspapers of this week that a gentleman, who takes much interest in the benevolent cause in which Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is engaged—among which are the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes and the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes—has placed $10,000 in his hands to be used as he sees fit. The gentleman realizes the oppression of these dull times and how hard it is to raise sufficient funds to keep benevolent institutions of that kind in a comfortable condition. How extremely fortunate that such magnanimous kindness should be shown to the unfortunate just at this time, when it is such a hard matter to raise sufficient money for charitable purposes.

New Advertisement.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to a new advertisement in another column—"A Work for the Million." The author is a gentleman of acknowledged ability, and any one interested in the chart would do well to purchase a copy of it.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY
HENRY WINTER SYLE.

The Prince and Princess of Wales at Margate.

The papers are full of accounts of the preparations for the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, and of his progress thither. When the heir to the crown of the British Empire makes his appearance in its most important possession—that most hardly won, most tenaciously held and to retain and guard which the greatest care is taken—it will be with all the solid if not gorgeous magnificence befitting his high station.

As a *man*, there may be different opinions of him; there can be no doubt as to the dignity and importance of his position; and when he takes part in public ceremonials, it is his rank, rather than his private character, which is to be taken into consideration in estimating their importance.

With regard to the loveliness and amiability of his consort the Princess Alexandra, there is no question; the heartiness with which the sea-born Britons welcomed the "sea-king's daughter from over the sea," has ripened and deepened into enthusiastic attachment.

It is these considerations, not less than the prominent position held by the London Institution, and the hopes of new life afforded by the steps it has recently taken, that induce us to yield so much space to-day to an account (complied from the numerous English papers with which we have been supplied) of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Margate, last summer, for the purpose of opening the new buildings of the Branch of the London Institution.

ROYAL VISIT TO MARGATE.

Opening of the Branch of the London Institution for the Deaf and Dumb by the Prince of Wales.

THE OCCASION AND THE DEPARTURE.

Margate, "merry Margate," as it is sometimes called, was very merry on Monday, July 19th, and had put on its festal raiment, for the Prince and Princess of Wales had graciously consented to visit it. The occasion was the opening of a Seaside Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, intended as a *succursal* to that institution on the Old Kent-road which has wrought such brave work during its existence, and which now accommodates 312 tiny creatures afflicted with one of the saddest of all infirmities. But there are other little ones making piteous appeal for aid, by their blank faces and eloquent though voiceless helplessness, to those whom God has gifted with all their senses. The new building is intended for their maintenance and education, and the Heir Apparent and his spouse, who have children of their own, gladly acceded to the petition of those gentlemen who are laboring for the charity to come down and give its formal opening the encouragement of their presence. It might have been easy for the Prince to excuse himself from his journey of nigh 200 miles on the score of occupation elsewhere, or for the Princess to plead ill-health; but the Royal pair have the weakness of human sympathy, and never shrink from betraying it. They promised to attend, and they have kept their promise. Hence the jubilee, in Margate, hence the lavish symbolization of loyalty in tall flags, triumphal arches, flowing drapery from balconies, and mottoes of welcome inscribed in Brobdingnagian letters on walls. It was for this that raid was made on the hothouses and nursery gardens, for this that peremptory demands were urged on heraldic painters and decorators to bring forth of their best to dress the borough bridally. The sight is not novel in England; and surely these outward tokens of hearty greeting must be as familiar to our Prince and Princess by this time as the stock-scenery and properties of the one theatre in a country town to the play-goers thereof; but there is a meaning behind these oft-repeated manifestations, a sincerity and wholesomeness of feeling, of which one never tires; and although the funny suspicion will cross the mind now and again that this Venetian mast is an old acquaintance, or that that escutcheon with the tripartite plume has done duty before, there is always the gratifying consciousness that the enthusiasm which induced people to put up these emblems at much expense is not made to order. There may be a lack of originality in the way our towns show their fidelity to the Throne, but there is never a want of earnestness.

The weather was very bad. Sunday was fine, and the sun set in promising, but Monday morning was as unpromising as it well could be. First came a mist, then a drizzle, and lastly a steady rain. The sheep-walks and hop-gardens of Kent were soaked; the sight from the carriage windows, as one ran down from town by train, was lamentable; the succulence has been washed out of the hay and the farmer looks on his fields of grain—

> "As they bend their tops
> To the numberless beating drops
> Of the incessant rain"—

with feelings the reverse of those described in Longfellow's poem. A Boynton suit seemed to be the best wear for the occasion, but nevertheless the Prince and Princess came, and with them her Royal Highness's youngest brother, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, (who arrived only the evening before) a stripling of seventeen, handsome and sprightly, and set off to advantage in a becoming naval uniform. With them came also a numerous company of high rank, including Earl Sydney (Lord Lieutenant of the county) and Lady Sydney, Lord and Lady Granville, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Tait.

THE PREPARATIONS.

Great preparations had been made for their reception, and with so much taste and energy that the only cause for regret was that the weather was so unpropitious. This of course considerably marred the effect of the superb decorations; but those who were out tolerably early had a good view of the festivities before the rain actually set in. The spectacle then was most magnficient. From every window a flag protruded, Venetian masts were erected at short distances by the side of the roadway, every lamp-post was decked out in gay colors, and it was a splendid sight to look down the long vista of many-colored flags floating gaily in the breeze, and with the back ground of bright scarlet and crimson decorations on the balconies of the houses, the line of sight terminating with the grand archway near the South Eastern Railway Station. The whole formed a *tout ensemble* of the most festive kind and one never to be forgotten. The mottoes of welcome and greeting were very appropriate; and there was a spontaneous unanimity of feeling and joy everywhere observable to accord a right royal and hearty welcome to the fair roses of England and Denmark. There was of course a profuse display of bunting all over the town, the Corporation having with much forethought provided an unlimited supply and placed it at the disposal of the inhabitants.

As the morning wore on, thousands of visitors were brought into the town by special trains from all parts of the country to witness the imposing sight. The streets were crowded, and what with the entry of about 250 fine fellows from the Metropolitan Police (who had been brought down under Superintendent Mott and Inspector Trixon), the clattering of 6th Dragoon Guards about the streets, the playing of bands, and the general bustle and excitement incident to the occasion, the town presented a very animated appearance. But a change came o'er the scene. The rain, which had been spattering and threatening at intervals, began to come down with a steady and persistent downpour, as if it were in the fashion to rain. While there are times when rain is truly beautiful, there are others when those out for a holiday take a decided objection to Longfellow's view—

> How beautiful is the rain
> As it patters along the streets!

Such an occasion was that of to-day, and those who had up to that moment lived on the "ambrosia of anticipation" began to despair, and the sight of wet and bedraggled pleasure-seekers under umbrellas and topcoats only served to intensify the dismalness of the scene, which was heightened by the contrast of the beautiful day before, and the expressions of vain regret heard on every side that the day or the weather had not been transposed. Despite the dreadful doom called down by Macbeth upon the head of the pusillanimous personage who shall venture to cry "Hold, enough!" it is more than likely that most people were inclined to utter that cry of the vanquished, as hour after hour sped on, and the rain still continued relentlessly.

THE RECEPTION.

Some time before the hour announced for the arrival of their Royal Highnesses, those persons who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets for seats on the covered stand, erected by the directors of the railway company in the station yard, secured their seats. These certainly had the advantage of their less fortunate fellow creatures who had to stand under their dripping umbrellas in the pitiless rain as it pelted down, making everything look miserable. But much of the *eclat* which it was anticipated would be given to the proceedings by the presence of a brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion on the grand stand, was necessarily marred by the inclemency of the weather. Even the troopers of the 6th Dragoon Guards, who had come from Shorncliffe on Saturday, and were to act as an escort to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and who were to give so much brilliancy to the spectacle, had to appear enveloped in their cloaks.

Shortly after one o'clock the Royal train arrived at the station, which was neatly decorated in the usual style, and there, as the the Royal pair set foot on the platform, the usual ceremonial was gone through. First, the tones of the National Anthem were heard from a band, and next echoed the distant boom of a salute fired on the pier. Lord Granville, in his red-collared coat as Warden of the Cinque Ports, advanced and presented the Worshipful the Mayor of Margate, who, of course, was in his robes, to the august visitors. The Mayoress handed a beautiful bouquet to the Princess; and then a loyal address from the municipality, which had the rare merit of brevity and pith, was read by the Recorder, who, of course, like the Mayor, was in his robes, but had a far more solemn, indeed, quite a Rhadamanthine aspect, in his immense curled wig. The Prince read the customary prepared reply.

At the conclusion of the ceremony of reading the address and the reply, the the royal party were conducted to their carriages in waiting outside the station. As their Royal Highnesses passed through to the carriages, about thirty-three little girls, daughters of leading inhabitants of the town, and carrying baskets of choice flowers, strewed them in the pathway of their Royal Highnesses. This was one of the prettiest and most interesting sights of the day's proceedings, to see the little ones in their pretty costumes beaming with joyous delight at being engaged in so interesting a task. The Princess especially seemed to be very pleased at the charming sight, and smiled sweetly on the little ladies as they were busily employed in their pleasant occupation. They were all dressed alike, and wore white pique kilted skirts with aprons tied back by sashes of moire and red satin (Danish colors), white straw Marguerita hats, Swiss muslin trimmings, with wreaths of corn flowers, lace stockings, highlow shoes with red satin rosettes. Each child wore a medal, struck to commemorate the event, on the left side. (A request has since been received from their Royal Highnesses to have a photograph of the 33 young ladies who attended at the railway station, and strewed flowers in their path, forwarded to them.)

Hanging in the reception room was a picture of the royal squadron at anchor in Margate Roads previously to their departure for Gravesend, March 6th, 1863, on the occasion of the arrival of the Princess Alexandra in England. This the royal visitors took much interest in, and the Prince of Wales pointed the picture out to Prince Waldemar, and explained to him the incident connected therewith relating to Margate.

THE PROCESSION.

The rain was coming down all this while, and the public outside, on grand stands and other privileged or purchased vantage-points, were waiting under umbrellas. At last their patience was rewarded; the procession was formed, mounted policemen led the way, and after them came mounted Dragoons. These Dragoons, the gallant Carbineers, who had come over specially from Canterbury, had to shelter themselves under their cloaks, but their brass helmets, with the white horse hair drooping behind, were very imposing and very martial all the same. Pity that that gentleman mentioned in "Gulliver's Travels" was not at hand with a supply of his sunshine distilled from cucumbers, to lend the brass radiance. After the escort of cavalry came the carriages of the Corporation and other local magnates, the reception committee of the Institution, and the distinguished visitors accompanying the royal party.

Now came a quartette which would have been very effective, but for that pelting, pitiless shower—four State trumpeters in scarlet and gold. An out-rider in the same gay livery preceded those who are always effective, rain or shine, but the public was balked of feasting its eyes on them, for the hoods of the Royal coach had to be drawn tightly down. Colonel Napier and officers, with a troop of clattering dragoons brought up the rear. Amidst hurrahs and an enthusiasm undamped by the skies the cavalcade made its progress along two miles of road to the institution grounds, passing on its way the spot where the Princess got her first glimpse of English soil twelve years ago. There were arches Gothic and Roman, battlemented and buttressed, inscribed with welcoming quotations on the way, one of which had all the appearance of solid castellated masonry, its lofty turrets being decked with flags. Just as the procession approached it a row of elephants from Sanger's menagerie appeared in line with the crowd; and the startling apparition caused the Prince and Princess much amusement. Their Royal Highnesses had a splendid view from the Fort of the place where the royal squadron, with the Princess, anchored on the 6th of March, 1863, if they had not already been reminded of that memorable event by witnessing just before reaching this spot the whole of the inmates of the Alexandra Homes on the stand at the Fort Restaurant. Another most interesting feature would have been the assembling of some 2,000 school children in Trinity Green, but owing to the bad weather scarcely more than as many hundreds assembled. These sang some suitable pieces as the royal procession passed, and each of the children was presented with a medal commemorating the event. A beautiful medal has also been struck for general distribution. The design bears on the obverse, splendid likenesses of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and on the reverse the borough arms beautifully engraved, with the Prince of Wales' motto "Ich dien," the name of the present Mayor, and a sentence expressive of the occasion on which their Royal Highnesses visited Margate, 19th July, 1875.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES

At the Institution a guard of honor, consisting of the G company of the 5th East Kent Rifle Volunteers, under Capt. Sankey and Lieuts. White and Skinner, was drawn up, together with the band. There was another sturdy guard of honor on duty likewise—some two hundred men of the metropolitan reserve, controlled by Mr. Superintendent Mott. As the Royal party alighted from their carriages, they were shown into the Institution which they proceeded to inspect. They next went across with their suite, to a large marquee, in which nigh five hundred of the loyal people of Margate had been sitting for hours in expectation, and in which the opening ceremony was arranged to take place. A dais had been placed at one end and covered with crimson cloth, and to this after a brief interval the royal visitors were conducted, accompanied by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl Granville, and the other distinguished visitors, their Royal Highnesses bowing in acknowledgment of the hearty reception accorded to them as they passed up the center between the assembled company. When the royal visitors had taken the places assigned them on the dais, the opening ceremony was commenced by His Grace the Primate (who was now habited in his robes) reading a collect and afterwards offering the following appropriate prayer:—

"O Lord, who hast made man's mouth, who makest the deaf and the dumb, the seeing and the blind, who art a mouth to the stammerer, teaching him what he should say, by whom the ears of the deaf are unstopped, who makest the dumb to sing, look upon these Thy servants in their affliction; bless the means for their instruction, and as Thy Son Jesus Christ, while on earth did open the deaf ears and loosen the strings of the tongue of the dumb man that he might speak plain, so guide and overrule all our efforts in this place for the good of Thy suffering servants that they may learn here to serve and praise Thee, through the same Jesus Christ. Amen."

Mr. Warwick, the secretary of the charity, then read a lengthy address to the Prince, which would have been irksome but for an interruption not in the programme, when some body burst through a cane-bottomed chair and made everybody smile. The history and objects of the institution were set forth.

The address, beautifully illuminated and engrossed, was then presented to His Royal Highness by the Treasurer, Beriah Drew, Esq.

The Prince graciously acknowledged the presentation of the document, and in reply said: Gentlemen,—I thank you on the part of the Princess as well as on my own for your address. It is a great satisfaction to us to be present and assist at the opening of the newly-constructed building for the children of that afflicted class of our fellow creatures who have the strongest claims for sympathy and protection. It is especially grateful to my feelings to be associated in a work in which so many members of my family, particularly my lamented father, have formerly taken a part. The poorer classes of the deaf and dumb appeal with irresistible force to those who have the power to offer them and their offspring the same advantages which the rich possess; and when we witness the inestimable benefits which the latter derive from the improved system of teaching which is now practiced, it becomes the duty of us all to answer this appeal of the helpless and destitute, and to raise their moral and mental condition by every aid we can bestow. (Applause.)

A handsomely bound copy of the Vocabulary, published by the institution, was then presented to the Princess.

The next item was by no means unimportant. More than thirty young ladies stepped up to the platform, and each as she came up in turn laid the purse on the table in front of Her Royal Highness, who graciously acknowledged the presentation of each fair contributor. The lady having gracefully bowed to the Princess, retired, and was followed by the next. Her Royal Highness (as indeed the Prince also) was evidently much interested, and in the case of two children, who had to be lifted up to place the purses on the table, she smiled at the little ones with the sweetest of smiles. Fifty purses were thus presented.

These contributions produced £300 15s. W. Barker, Esq., the former owner of the property, contributed £100; the Treasurer, £52 10s.; T. F. Cobb, Esq., and the Rev. J. F. Cobb, presented £52 10s., each in order to make his respective children Life Governors of the charity.

This ceremony over, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales then, in a most clear and audible voice, declared the building opened, with the following words: I declare the building now open. The announcement was greeted with rapturous applause.

A few personal presentations to their Royal Highnesses by the venerable Treasurer of the Institution then took place. This ceremony only occupied a very short time, and after three spontaneous and hearty cheers had been given, the proceedings in the marquee were brought to a close by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury pronouncing the benediction. They had gone off very smoothly, and with little discomfort from the drenching rain, which only found its way through the graceful folds of the draped roof here and there. At intervals, which might otherwise have seemed tedious, the bands played a well-chosen selection of music, which included the Duke of Edinburgh's valse "Galatea."

THE BANQUET.

The royal party and suite then left the tent, and were conducted into the building by the Treasurer and Managing Committee of the Institution. The entrance porch to the building was appropriately decorated by a number of choice exotics; and further on in the corridor were a number of deaf and dumb boys and girls on each side to welcome the visitors as they passed along into the dining-hall. The original intention had been to bring down all of the 200 scholars of the parent establishment to take part in the festival, but this idea was abandoned for excellent reasons. However, some fifty deaf and dumb children, male and female, inmates of the old house here, were ranged in the corridor outside the dining hall, and looked remarkably tidy, intelligent and well cared for; and the successful results of oral teaching were shown by their almost perfect enunciation of words, such as "good-bye." One little girl, who called herself "Ah-da," was, in the course of a few minutes, taught by Dr. Buxton, of the Liverpool Institution, to amend her pronunciation according to the English ideal, and to give the sound of "Ada" with the first A as in "aid" or "ale. Yet this child was born a mute, and has never heard a sound in her little life.

While their Royal Highnesses were inspecting the building, the visitors generally proceeded to take their seats in the large dining-hall of the establishment, in readiness for the *dejeuner*.

The walls of the dining-hall were decorated with flags. A trophy of flags was placed on the wall at the head of the royal table. Similar decorations and the traditional "Prince of Wales' Plume" and other emblems adorned other parts of the walls of the building, and when the whole of the company were seated the scene presented was a very brilliant one. There was a noticeable picture in in oil-colors in the hall, by Mr. Davidson, the well-known deaf and dumb painter, representing Christ healing the dumb.

An elegant repast was supplied in the most regal style by Mr. Rope, confectioner to the Queen, and the catering and arrangements throughout were excellent. Messrs. Crawford & Co. furnished the wines, and H. R. H. the Prince (who usually takes his own wines with him) was also supplied by the same.

The chair was taken by Mr. Drew, the venerable treasurer, who, it may be mentioned, was present as a child at the laying of the first stone of the parent institution in 1792, and perfectly well remembers that event.

Grace was said before and after meat by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. In consequence of the limited time at the disposal of their Royal Highnesses, there were only three toasts given—"The Queen," "The Prince and Princess," and "The Institution."

To the second, the Prince (who was received with loud and continued applause) in responding, said: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—In the name of the Princess and myself I beg to return you our cordial thanks for the kind way in which you have proposed our health, and for the manner in which it has been received. If it was the slightest trouble or inconvenience to us to come down here to-day, I can assure the company that the trouble and inconvenience have been amply repaid by our having taken part on this occasion in inaugurating a building which has been specially constructed for so excellent a purpose. (Hear, hear). We are also very grateful for the kind reception we have met with in Margate to-day; and beg also to express to the Mayor, and the inhabitants of the town whom he represents, how much gratified we are by all the beautiful decorations we saw, which, we deeply regret, must have suffered from the inclemency of the weather. Our family has been connected with the Deaf and Dumb Institution for many years, and I sincerely hope it will continue to take that interest in it which it has hitherto done. I am convinced that the building which has been inaugurated to-day will answer in every possible way the purpose for which it is designed. It is very desirable that there should be a branch institution in the country for the sick and ailing of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, as well as the one in London. Before I sit down it will afford me great pleasure to propose a toast in which I know every one is interested, and in which I am sure you will heartily support me—namely, "Prosperity and Success to the Deaf and Dumb Institution." I wish you every possible prosperity now and hereafter, and I will couple with this toast the name of the excellent and worthy Treasurer, Mr. Drew, who takes such an interest and has worked so hard for the institution. (Cheers).

The Chairman in reply, said: I thank your Royal Highness for the kind way in which you have connected my name with that of the institution. I have been associated with it for many years now, but I don't think I am deserving of all the kind things said of me—in fact, I think the company have been very kind to me. At my age—87½ years—some one younger ought to be in this position. (No, no). But you see they won't have anybody. (Hear, hear). Well, gentlemen, I thank you very kindly for the compliment you have paid me, and particularly His Royal Highness for introducing the toast so kindly to you. I hope this charity will prosper forever, and that all who assist in keeping up this establishment will be benefited hereafter in a way we cannot anticipate now. (Hear, hear).

THE RETURN.

At the conclusion of the proceedings, the Prince and Princess, escorted as before, then took their departure for the railway station. Before they left the rain had entirely ceased, and their Royal Highnesses, who had been everywhere enthusiastically received on their progress to and from the new institution, started on the return journey cheered by a brilliant sun. As the royal party passed by the Kent Hotel on the Marineterrace the promenade band, which had been stationed there, struck up "God bless the Prince of Wales," and an incident which must have caused considerable amusement to their Royal Highnesses was the vigor with which a troupe of "Nigger" minstrels were singing that same song and accompanying themselves on the tambourine, &c., with a manifest determination that they would be heard, the rattle of the carriage wheels and the din of the shouts of applause notwithstanding. This was about the same spot where the Prince and Princess were somewhat amused at the sudden apparition of Mr. Sanger's elephants in the morning.

The dragoons escorted the Royal carriages to the railway station, and then came back through the town singly, owing probably to the crowd that now began to fill the streets. Both men and horses were drenched with rain and bespattered with mud from head to foot, while the rust had gathered thick on their sabre scabbards and stirrup irons. The policemen were no better off, and had to come back to town in their wet clothes, their train following in the rear of a special that conveyed the visitors to Ludgate-hill in a leisurely fashion, arriving there about three hours and a half after the departure from Margate.

At the close of the proceedings in the marquee, the Volunteers who had formed a guard of honor outside, and must have been completely drenched to the skin by this time, were marched off, and the two corps (Artillery and Rifles) subsequently dined together at the Hall-by-the-Sea, at the joint expense of the Borough and the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The loyal toasts were of course enthusiastically drunk, and the Mayor and several members of the Corporation afterwards visited the hall, and complimented the volunteers on the excellent manner in which they had done their duty that day. Before the proceedings closed, Mr. George Sanger, amidst loud cheering, announced his intention of giving ten guineas to each corps to be shot for as prizes. Mr. Sanger also presented each man with a free admission to the grounds for the remainder of the evening, and after partaking of an excellent dinner, served up in admirable style by the establishment, the volunteers had a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

It would perhaps be impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that between the day and the night. The miserable downpour of rain of the day time had given place to a fine evening, and the hundreds of brilliant illuminations were displayed to the best advantage. There was to all intents and purposes a general illumination. The magnificent triumphal arches were suffused in a mass of gas jets shaped into cunning devices, every house in the main streets of the town, along the line of route especially, had its illumination more or less imposing, and the spectacle altogether was one of the most resplendent and colossal affairs of the kind ever witnessed in this part.

Altogether, the festival could not well have taken place under less favorable conditions as regarded the weather, and it says much for the good will and energy of the management, and indeed all concerned, that it proved to be as successful as it was. But it is painful to add that the day has been sad for one poor fellow—Lewis Guyot, a shipwright from Ramsgate, and an artillery volunteer. While the parting salute was being fired from the Pier the unfortunate man's right forearm was shattered, and has had since to undergo amputation. It is to be feared that this accident is to be attributed to the familiar cause—a vent not properly served.

Tuesday morning, the secretary, Mr. Warwick, received from Sir W. Knollys (the Prince's private secretary) a cheque for the 100 guinea donation which His Royal Highness had put his name down for the day before.

Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

The third anniversary exercises of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes took place last evening in St. Ann's Episcopal Church, in Eighteenth street. The proceedings were particularly interesting, and were witnessed by a tolerably large audience. The Trustees of the society submitted a report showing the progress of this kind of Christian work in this country. It is gradually winning its way to recognition, and much temporal and spiritual good is being done. St. Ann's is the only church in this city which has showed any great amount of interest in this work. Here services for deaf-mutes are held every Sunday afternoon, at which the rector of the church invariably officiates. So much has the work progressed in this country that a deaf-mute, now a candidate for orders, is soon to be admitted to the priesthood, the first case since the day of Pentecost. The New York society supports a home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes, in East Thirteenth street, where a reception will be given on Wednesday evening, the 17th inst. The Trustees, in conclusion, made an earnest appeal for money assistance. Their income last year was but $5,200, all the work being carried on with that amount. Right Rev. Bishop Garrett, of Northern California, and Right Rev. Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, then made a few remarks. Bishop Garrett was glad to know that so much good work was being done, that the spiritual was impenetrating the material so nobly. Deaf and dumb people have a latent capacity which he was glad to see had been discovered by the brethren of St. Ann's. There was in nature not much power of restoration, but there was of compensation. He thought all this world in which we lived was a wounded world. Bishop Whipple believed that the best argument of their holy religion would be found in just such displays as his hearers were then witnessing. If they would convince any one that theirs was the Church of the Apostles then they must do the work of the Apostles. A collection was then taken up for the benefit of the society, a considerable sum being realized for the cause.—*New York Times, Nov. 4.*

Situation Wanted.

A Deaf-mute girl wants a situation as a chamber maid or waitress, or to do housework, and is willing to make herself useful; prefers to live in city or village. Recommendations can be given if required. Address the office of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Sunday School Teachers' Institute.

A Sunday School Teachers' Institute will be held in the First Presbyterian church, Oswego, Nov. 17th, 18th and 19th.

Conductor—Rev. J. S. Ostrander, of New York.

ORDER OF EXERCISES:

Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.—The Use and Abuse of the Blackboard, illustrated by a Chalk Sermon. Rev. J. S. Ostrander.

Thursday a. m.—Devotional Meeting. S. S. Organization and Methods of Management. The Art of Questioning. How to win and hold attention. Question Box, with Answers by Conductor.

Thursday p. m.—Home and School, their Mutual Relations. True Success in Teaching. Primary Teaching with Class Exercise. Question Box and Answers.

Thursday Evening.—Common Mistakes in Teaching. Teachers' Meetings. How to Conduct them; with a drill on how to prepare the Lesson. Question Box.

Friday a. m.—A Bible Reading—subject, "The Power of God's Word." Best Methods in Adult Bible Classes. Lesson for next Sabbath taught, John xviii 33–38. Question Box.

Friday p. m.—Pastoral Work of Teachers. Obstacles to Conversion, and how to overcome them. Difficulties in the Work—a Free Conversation by Members of the Institute.

Friday Evening, 7:30, Rev. J. S. Ostrander will give his Lecture on "Scenes in the Orient," which will be illustrated by a great variety of costumes, curiosities, &c. Admission fee to the Lecture will be announced hereafter.

Entertainment will be provided for all Sunday School workers who attend the Institute.

Sunday School Workers of Oswego County and District:

We send herewith our greeting, and a hearty invitation to come and enjoy the good things which this programme foreshadows.

You will see that we propose no dress parade Institute, but one for real drill, which will be of practical benefit to every Superintendent, Teacher and Pastor who may attend.

Come, to take an active part, and the Institute will be a blessing both to you and to your school.

O. J. HARMON,
H. H. STEBBINS,
E. J. HAMILTON,
H. R. TRAVER,
Committee in behalf of the Pastors and S. S. Superintendents of Oswego.
W. F. HEMENWAY,
Committee in behalf of Oswego District.

Women's Foreign Missionary and Home Aid Society.

Last Sunday evening a meeting was held by the ladies of the above-named society of the M. E. Church of this place, in that church. It was opened with singing, followed by prayer by Rev. S. P. Gray, and reading of scripture by the President, Mrs. T. W. Skinner. Mrs. Van Duzee rendered very beautifully the poem, "Who will answer." It was an appeal to the members of the society. The pastor, Rev. S. P. Gray, made a very appropriate speech. Miss Gracie Skinner recited in a clear and distinct manner a short poem entitled, "If I were a sunbeam." A very touching memoir of Mrs. Homer Ballard, who had been an active member of their society, was read by Mrs. C. B. Thompson. Mrs. Skinner then read a short address stating that they had not assembled to commemorate the anniversary of their society, and therefore no reports would be made; giving as a reason for this change that the sectary of the State society had requested that this society arrange so that their year should end on the 1st of April, and then the reports of all the societies in the State would be made at the same time, and that they had complied with that request.

The attendance was good and the exercises interesting. The society is in a prosperous condition, having about forty members and a goodly amount of money in its treasury.

The ladies of the Missionary Society take this method of expressing their thanks to Mrs. Van Duzee for her beautiful recitation in our Missionary meeting at the M. E. Church, Sabbath evening. It was a most solemn and impressive series of appeals to the conscience, rendered with an eloquence and pathos which few, if any, could excel; it could not fail to reach the heart.

—Jennie June says: "Bracelets as ornaments are not at all as fashionable as formerly. Very refined ladies consider them a relic of barbarism, and artistic women find that they destroy the beauty of a rounded wrist, which is seen to such advantage under a fine, light, well-fitted glove. But pendants, clasps, rings, mounted ornaments for the hair composing wholly or in part of jewels and earrings, are very profuse, and of modern and antique design in which enamel is largely employed.

Photographs of the Delegates of the Belleville Convention.

EDITOR JOURNAL—Sir : May I ask a small space in the columns of your paper to inform your readers that, owing to the delay on the part of the photograper, who undertook the job, the group containing the delegates at the Convention which met here in 1874, has not been ready for delivery till now. It contains copies of eighty-four *cartes* (?) and is looked upon as a pretty nice work of art.

It will be mailed to all who may wish it on receipt of $1.00 in gold. I do, indeed, regret the delay which was, on my part, unavoidable.

Respectfully yours,
J. B. McGANN, Sec.
Belleville, Canada, Nov. 6, 1875.

New England Notes.

MR. EDITOR :—It is curious how people will misrepresent matters either from personal motives or from lack of information.

We would like "Old Hickory" to tell us where he got the idea that it was doubtful if the $500.00 bequeathed to the New England Gallaudet Association by Miss Eliza Morrison, of New Hampshire, would ever come into its treasury. We would also say that Mr. Thomas Brown was appointed trustee of the money by Miss Morrison, not by the officers of the Association, as "Hickory" has it ; and we are happy to say that there is no danger of the "Relief Bureau" getting any of the money, although it would much *relieve* the necessities of the officers of that very doubtful organization. We hear that they did try to make the executors of the will of Miss Morrison think that the Relief Bureau was the Gallaudet Association under a new name.

"Old Hickory" is wrong, also, about the "Acheson Case ;" but, as the particulars have already appeared in your columns, we will only add that the Attorney General of Massachusetts, who has a full knowledge of the facts, was very much surprised that no bill was found against Acheson, as it was one of the clearest cases of *fraud* he ever saw in his long experience.

The case of Mary Welch, the deaf-mute woman in Lynn, regarding which you published a clipping, was briefly as follows :

Mr. Edward Welch, the husband of the woman, and a deaf-mute, is one of the agents for Wm. B. Swett's publications, and was absent in Canada, pursuing his vocation. Mr. Swett, calling at the residence of Mrs. Welch, to see how the family were, by request of Mr. Welch, found the house locked and silent. Effecting an entrance, he found Mrs. Welch and her three children in bed, and the rooms in a fearful state. The youngest child had been dead three days, and this had upset the mother's reason. The police were sent for, and took the whole family to the station, where a good deal of force was required to separate the mother from her dead child. The other children were taken away by stratagem. Medical aid was called, and the case pronounced one of temporary insanity. Mr. Welch was telegraphed for, and returned to find his wife better and in the care of her relatives in Boston. Having arranged for her comfort and being told that she would get well, he returned to Canada. Mrs. Welch, until lately, resided in Marblehead, and the deaf-mutes in the vicinity remarked that she would often talk and act strangely ; and the trouble was probably then beginning, although no one appears to know the exciting cause. There were thoughts of sending her to the Insane Asylum, but there appears to be no need of this now.

At the quarterly meeting of the Boston Deaf-mute Library Association, Oct. 13th, nearly a hundred deaf-mutes were present. Thirty-four new members were admitted, making a total of eighty-two. After the regular business of the meeting, E. N. Bowes, the President of the Association, was charged with unbecoming conduct at sundry times, and it was proposed to remove him from office and expel him as a member. Many members were in favor of the measure. Mr. Bowes was heard in his own defence. He admitted most of the charges, but attempted to excuse himself, and said he would be revenged if he were expelled. The meeting adjourned to the 20th, with the case to be continued. On the 20th, another large meeting was held. Mr. Bowes handed in his resignation as President, alleging ill health as the reason. His resignation was accepted, and a vote taken on the question of *suspension*, (the Board of Government having changed it from *expulsion* to temporary removal, on the earnest appeal of Mr. Bowes,) resulted in 38 yeas to 20 nays, *two* votes less than necessary two-thirds. So Mr. Bowes remains a member, for the present. Mr. George A. Holmes, Vice President, takes Mr. Bowes' place as President, and Wm. Synde succeeds to the post of Director, recently vacated by Mr. Bowes.

Bowes was arrested Oct. 15th, on complaint of Miss Annie L. Hartshorn, for assaulting her with an umbrella on the Library premises, on the evening of Sept. 29th.

On the day of trial, Oct. 22d, (Mr. Bowes having been bailed in the meantime) the lawyers arranged a compromise and induced the lady to drop the case on condition that Mr. Bowes, in the presence of witnesses, would acknowledge the assault, beg pardon and promise better behavior in the future, which he did, and the case did not come into court.

The Library Association hopes to be able, the coming winter, to furnish lectures on Wednesday evenings, every two weeks, alternately with social gatherings. The rooms are at No. 465 Washington St., Boston, and are open during both days and evenings, Sundays included. They form very convenient headquarters for visitors and residents, are well supplied with books and papers, and are capable of doing much good if rightly managed. The Sunday services are, at present, conducted alternately by Samuel Rowe, of West Boxford, Job Turner, of Malden, (late of the Staunton (Va.) Institution) and Jona. P. Marsh, of Boston. The daily care of the rooms devolves on Mr. Jonathan P. Marsh.

Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, N. H., was recently in Boston, on his way to Martha's Vineyard, to visit his deaf-mute relatives and friends. Although 71 years of age, the old gentleman is still vigorous and looks better than he did on his last visit, some years ago.

James H. Whittlesey, of Deerfield, Mass., has gone to Chicago, Ill., to visit his brothers, whom he has not seen for eight years. He has a fine farm in Deerfield, and raised, this year, three acres of tobacco, which turned out finely.

Some weeks ago, Mr. Samuel Rowe, of West Boxford, Mass., missed a valuable colt, and, supposing it stolen, he advertised it far and wide, but heard nothing from it. About a week ago he found the animal on a distant part of his farm, with one fore-leg caught fast between two trees, and dead. The poor creature must have starved to death in that position. The loss is heavy for Mr. Rowe.

We learn, from Marblehead, that the fishing is very good there, as the cold weather comes on. Messrs. John Bowden and Ira Poland, on the 22d of Oct., went to the fishing banks, six miles out, in the yacht *Inez*, belonging to Mr. Bowden, and caught, in a few hours, fifteen huge codfish, and could have caught many more had not a rising wind and heavy sea obliged them to return.

The Boston Deaf-mute Library Association are agitating the usual levee on the 1st of January next, and propose to have it on Friday, Dec. 31st, so as to be able to "make a night of it."

D.

The Central New York Institution.

Agreeably to the announcement in the JOURNAL, Dr. Gallaudet held religious services in Zion Church, in this city, on the evening of November 1st. The deaf-mute attendance was about as full as the locality is able to furnish ; one or two came from other places. Of the hearing and speaking part of the congregation, there were not many, owing to the very bad weather. Departing October had left us a legacy of a foot of snow minus sufficient cold to keep it crisp and dry. You all know what a foot of snow can accomplish out doors under the temptation to return to its liquid form, and over-shoes and such like not having yet been rescued from nooks and mysterious places, we have a direct clue to the unusual smallness of the audience. Principal Johnson and good many of the older pupils attended.

The Board of Trustees of the Institution held their regular meeting on the 2d inst., and among the business transacted was the appointment of two additional teachers, Mr. William Martin Chamberlain and Miss Harriet J. Roe.

The other night we had a new arrival, and her name is Kittie. She is not deaf, her lovely little ears have their use as well as ornament. Everybody who has a heart is in love with her, and little wonder it is so. She is worthy all the love and petting that can be lavished on her. But who and what is she ? Do not rush into a heedless guess and think of things infantine. Kittie is a horse. She is Principal Johnson's own, and a horse out of the common equine run. She is a worthy descendant of all the Kitties ; the vices of her of shrewish tendencies having exhausted themselves in passing generations, leave no trace in this last and best of all. Particularly speaking Kittie has every quality of a valuable family horse, and has latent capacity for speed which is developing itself every day. She has unexceptional quarters in the institution stable, and her only weakness we can discover is that she is a trifle homesick ; a thing, by the way, which is epidemic with every new arrival at every institution for the deaf and dumb.

Within the few weeks that have passed since the opening of the school year, we have had abundant evidence that the establishment of the institution is well timed and well localized. We have received some *beginners* of ages varying from fifteen to eighteen, curiously enough these came from our near vicinity. Yesterday, in company with her brother, there came to us a young lady applicant for instruction, *twenty-four* years of age. She resides scarcely twenty miles away, and in a section of country where communication with the outer world is free and easy. Yet she had never been to school. Twenty-four years old and does not know a word ! We shall do what we can for her amelioration.

The more I see of Rome the more I consider it *the* place for an institution such as ours. The window by which I write frames a fine expanse of graded street and attractive residences. Just now, tripping along in the bracing November air, passed a company of robust deaf-mute girls with our assistant matron on their way down town on a shopping forage, I presume.

C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1875.

Upon the authority of the "local" of the Elmira Advertiser we have it that the weather clerk who roosts in the neighborhood of Williamsport lets himself loose as follows : Frogs are going down into nine feet of water this fall, and are lining their nests with cotton batting. You can look out for a winter which will bend shade trees double and freeze the life out of hitching posts.

—The law now makes it the duty of the clerk of each school district to give notice immediatly to every person elected or appointed to office of his election or appointment ; and also to report to the town clerk of the town in which the school house of his district is situated, the names and post-office address of such officers, under a penalty of five dollars for neglect in each instance.

A Bad Woman.

For several weeks past a number of residents of Oswego have been receiving postal cards mailed from this city which contained the foulest language and abuse that can be imagined. Cards of a similar character had been mailed in the Oswego post-office previous to this. Special Agent, I. McDonald, of Elmira, was notified, and with the assistance of Deputy United States Marshal Higgison, of this city, the authoress of these scurrilous and vile communications has been found and arrested. Saturday morning the Herald contained an advertisement saying that a foreign letter dressed in mourning addressed to "Miss Augusta Doherty, Oswego," and forwarded to Utica, was held in this office. This was a decoy that caught the bird. The officers discovered that Miss Doherty had obtained employment in the Utica Orphan Asylum, and she was arrested at once. It appears that she formerly resided with an Episcopal clergyman in Oswego. During her term of service she became the mother of a child, the paternity of which she charged to a resident of that city. The case went to court, and was dismissed. From that time all engaged in the case, including the lawyers and editors, were constantly annoyed by the receipt of vile communications from this woman. Agent McDonald took her to Oswego Saturday. The offender is a comparatively young woman, an exellent writer and smart, but in the language of Marshal Higgison, "the bad in her sticks out boldly." The punishment for this offence varies from a fine of from $100 to $5,000 or from one to ten years, or both, in the discretion of the court.—*Utica Herald.*

PARISH.

The small pox excitement has nearly subsided. It is confined to the families that were first attacked. The rumor that Dr. Green and Dr. Todd and wife have the small pox, is not true.

Mr. Lewis Ingram, our colored barber, was arrested last Monday for breaking into the Carley House and stealing two bottles of whiskey and some money. Last Wednesday he was conveyed to the Pulaski jail to await trial. Mr. Ingram was one of the contrabands that were gobbled up by General Sherman's army in his grand march to the sea. He has been a resident of our place for about five years. We have never looked upon him as really a bad man. Being born in slavery and untaught as to what true liberty was, he became naturally a victim of unscrupulous and seductive influences. Self-gratification, by the ignorant is often considered the basis of true liberty, and no one would be more apt to look upon it in that light than the liberated slave. True liberty is based upon a mental and moral foundation. It restrains the animal man in order to develop him in mind and moral principle. Mr. Ingram should be taught as well as punished. We believe he can yet be rescued from wretchedness and be made a useful man to his race. In judging of man we should take into consideration his surroundings. We should not condemn him merely on account of his color.

Election is over and gone, and we are inclined to rejoice, not for any victory we have achieved or any defeat that others have suffered. We think that L. H. Conklin, Esq., need not hold a very strong grudge against us. Friend Newell may well feel proud of his flattering vote in the county, and, undoubtedly, had not the gentleman out in Sandy Creek performed a great *coup d'etat* a few days before election Sterling would have been elected. Though our town has profited by it, yet as an individual we voted as we proposed in the INDEPENDENT, for true honor on our part demanded it. There was no prohibition tickets distributed at our polls. If they were sent into town, they were kept out of sight.

Fowler H. Berry, Esq., is elected School Commissioner in this district.

ODD.

Parish, Nov. 8, 1875.

Election Returns.

The election on Tuesday of last week resulted, in this county, in a majority of 1194 for the republican State ticket. The entire republican county ticket, with the exception of Sheriff, was elected. The Oswego Times gives the following majorities for the successful candidates : Low, D., for Sheriff, 539 ; Lamoree, R., for District Attorney, 946 ; Conklin, R., County Treasurer, 1,218 ; Berry, D., School Commissioner, 2d district, 347.

Edick, R., Superintendent of the Poor, 566 ; Smith, R., Special Surrogate, 957; Brainard, R., Special County Judge, 1,009 ; Cole, R., Justice of Sessions, 1,136 ; Simpson, R., School Commissioner, 1st district, 763 ; Ladd, R., 3d district, 920 ; Sloan, R., Member of Assembly, 1st dist., 360 ; Green, R., 2d dist., 109 ; Preston, R., 3d district, 377. The popularity of our townsman, Stirling Newell, is shown by his running far ahead of his ticket, receiving 6223 votes. Notwithstanding the strong effort to make issue on locality regarding the office of County Treasury, Mr. Conklin's majority is higher than that of any one else on his ticket. Mr. Ladd also ran well. The Prohibition State ticket received 552 votes in the county.

According to the Palladium, Noxon, R., for Justice Supreme Court, received only 1899 votes more than Perry, D.

—Prof. Sheldon and Miss Cooper, of Oswego, attended a State Normal school meeting in Potsdam, last week.

—The annual Convention of the State Diarymen's Association will be held at Norwich, December 8th and 9th.

—Rev. William Osler, of Adams, has accepted a call to become pastor of the Baptist church at Fulton.

—One of the best "confessions of faith" ever devised, is a straightforward, useful, cheery, consistent Christian life seven days in the week.

Thanksgiving Proclamations.

BY THE PRESIDENT.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, Oct. 27, 1875.

A proclamation by the President of the United States of America:

In accordance with a practice at once wise and beautiful, we have been accustomed, as the year is drawing to a close, to devote an occasion to the humble expression of our thanks to Almighty God for the ceaseless and distinguished benefits bestowed upon us as a nation, and for His mercies and protection during the closing year. Amid the rich and free enjoyment of all our advantages we should not forget the source from whence they are derived, and the extent of our obligations to the Father of all mercies. We have full reason to renew our thanks to Almighty God for favors bestowed upon us during the past year. By his continuing mercy civil and religious liberty has been maintained ; peace has reigned within our borders ; labor and enterprise have produced their merited rewards, and to His watchful providence we are indebted for security from pestilence and other national calamity. Apart from national blessings, each individual among us has occasion to thoughtfully recall and devoutly recognize the favors and protection which he has enjoyed. Now, therefore,

I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do recommend that on Thursday, the 25th day of November, the people of the United States, abstaining from all secular pursuits and from their accustomed avocations, do assemble in their respective places of worship, and in such form as may seem most appropriate in their own hearts, offer to Almighty God their acknowledgments and thanks for all his mercies, and their humble prayers for a continuance of his divine favor. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 27th day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five, and of the independence of the United States the one hundredth.

U. S. GRANT.

By the President.
HAMILTON FISH,
Secretary of State.

BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
ALBANY, Nov. 1, 1875.

The revolving year brings with it remembrances of benefits and of obligations during that now passing away ; no war has desolated our land ; no famine or pestilence has invaded our homes ; no destructive fires have consumed our cities ; no sudden disaster has paralyzed our slowly-recovering industries. The people of this State have been enabled peacefully to pursue their usual avocations. Labor has not wholly failed of its reward. The husbandman has earned abundant harvests. Our institutions of education and benevolence and religion have been sustained and blessed, and while many departments of business are still depressed, our people by productive energy, economy and self-restraint have begun to renew in its sources individual and social prosperity. The reign of law has been maintained, and under it liberty has been preserved and fostered. Our homes have been safe and happy. As individuals we have enjoyed innumerable blessings. In accordance, therefore, with an established custom recognized by law, I do recommend the people of this State that, on Thursday, the 25th day of November next, they assemble in their usual places of worship and offer most humble and hearty thanks unto Almighty God for his preserving care, his constant goodness, and while we thank God for his goodness to ourselves, let us remember the poor. While we are grateful for the past, invoking his blessing, let us take courage for the future.

Done at the Capitol in the city of Albany, this first day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

By Governor :
CHARLES STEBBINS, Private Secretary.

NEW HAVEN.

Our people have been enjoying a rare treat during the past week, in listening to a course of lectures on physiology, the laws of health, etc., by Dr. Beardsley, of Binghampton, N. Y., illustrated by a very extensive anatomical cabinet, consisting of a great number of skeletons, manikins, numerous models of the eye, ear, heart, lungs, etc., and a large number of oil paintings, which covered the walls of our largest church. The doctor has the ability to make these lectures exceedingly interesting and instructive. His audience increases each night, until many are unable to gain admission even to standing room. We noticed many last evening who came a long distance to hear the doctor explain the laws necessary to observe to secure and retain good health. We understand that he is to visit your place soon, and if the citizens of Mexico consult their best interests, they will surely hear his first lecture, which is free to all.

Our village school commenced this morning, with an attendance of 50 scholars. Myron Collins, of Mexico, teaches the senior department and Miss Sarah Cornwell, of this place, the junior department.

W. W.

New Haven, Nov. 8, 1875.

—There are 1,001 patients at the Willard Insane Asylum. The rooms are all occupied. This number is probably the largest in any insane asylum in this country.

—Quite a flurry of snow this (Wednesday) morning.

News of the Week.

Carl Schurz has been elected honorary member of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

The tariff of the direct cable from New York is 75 cents in gold.

George Schmidt, a hotel keeper, was killed Wednesday, in Annapolis, Md., by Wm. Barber, during a political discussion.

The northern powers in Europe are anxious to have Austria form a plan of intervention in the Eastern question.

The Pall Mall Gazette says the British occupation of Egypt is but a question of time.

Judge Benedict, on Friday, sustained all but one count of the indictment against Horace B. Claflin & Co., for smuggling.

The depression in trade is felt keenly among the German industrial classes, and much distress is apprehended. Crop failures in Russia are wide spread, and much destitution prevails.

Miss Florence Tilton sent a communication to the Plymouth church committee, Friday night, asking for a letter of dismissal from the church.

Small-pox has been raging for three weeks in Ellenville, Ulster county. There has been an average of twenty cases, a number of which were fatal.

The navigation of the Red River of the North was closed Thursday night by cold weather. Several steamboats are reported frozen up between Moosehead and Winnepeg.

Minister Cushman has presented another note to Spain in reference to court marshal jurisdiction over citizens of the United States in Cuba.

The inhabitants of Kaka, on the White Nile, have revolted and defeated the Egyptian troops, killing a hundred of them. The government has dispatched re-enforcements there.

Philo L. Schoville, of Rochester, was, Friday night, struck by a passing train and completely cut to pieces.

About sixty Mormon missionaries passed through Omaha last week, bound for different portions of the country.

Colonel Gowan, of New York, who raised the wrecks of the Russian vessels in the harbor of Sebastopol, has been officially invited to put proposals for raising the iron-clad Vanguard, sunk off Wicklow Head by the Iron Duke.

The Russian Minister at Constantinople has had an interview with the Grand Vizier, during which he threatened armed intervention by the great powers if the Turkish persecution of Christians continued.

A fast train from New York to Washington is being arranged.

Mrs. Moulton's name has been dropped from the Plymouth church list.

The Ross and Thompson factions of the Cherokees are still bitter toward each other and bloodshed is imminent.

Twelve students of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, havs been indicted for assault.

Sixty indictments have been found against citizens of Chicago for revenue frauds ; many of the parties are prominent citizens.

Three American Board missionaries to India and four to South Africa sailed from New York on Saturday.

Destructive prairie fires are raging in Wyoming Territory.

Charles J. Connor, a prominent merchant and citizen of Concord, N. H., and a deputy sheriff, has been arrested as an incendiary.

Vandals broke about 80 monuments and head stones in the cemetery at Woonsocket, R. I., Saturday night.

The Ontario parliament will assemble Nov. 24.

The Franco-American Union gave a brilliant banquet to American and French celebrities in Paris, Sunday.

Le Nord (newspaper), of Brussels, publishes a dispatch from Ragnon reporting that the Musselmen of Herzegovina are preparing for a general massacre of the Christians. The Austrian frontier forts are preparing for war.

Tilton will be a witness for the defense in the libel suits of Henry C. Bowen against the Brooklyn Eagle.

The Sun says the Democratic majority on State Ticket is 17,013.

The khedive has applied for two British financiers to undertake the Egyptian finances.

The Prince of Wales met with an enthusiastic reception in Bombay.

A private dispatch received at Washington on Monday announced that the steamship Pacific, plying between San Francisco and Portland, Or., foundered at sea on Thursday, all on board (120) being lost except one person.

The vessel, City of Waco, was burned outside of Galveston (Texas) harbor, Tuesday morning. Fifty persons were on board, all of whom are supposed to have been drowned.

—The latest styles of note paper look like insane calico, or like a soiled pair of Scotch stockings. It makes one almost seasick, to read what is written upon one of these sheets.

—Wedding journeys are no longer the style, written invitations are once more considered very elegant, and wedding cards were issued at Lockport the other day with the significant intimation "No presents."

A Deaf-Mute FEstival at Mexico.

A festival under the auspices of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, will be held in the village of Mexico, N. Y., on the evening of December 29th next. Dr. Gallaudet will hold a service for deaf-mutes in Grace Church at 7 o'clock P. M., at which time it is hoped the bishop will also be present. In that event an opportunity for confirmation will be offered to any who may desire it. At the conclusion of the church service, the deaf-mutes will proceed to Mayo's Hall and participate in the enjoyments of the festival which will extend through the evening. An abundance of substantial refreshments will be provided so that none shall lack. Everything will be done to make this the "star festival" of the season for the deaf and dumb. The night will be passed in innocent and healthful amusements and games, and none, we hope will have occasion to regret being present. A general invitation and hearty welcome are extended to all deaf-mutes, both near and far.

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A Philosophical Colored Man.

An elderly colored man, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, was squatting upon his bundle upon the hurricane deck of one of the Western river steamers, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. His dress and appearance indicated familiarity with camp life, and it being soon after the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation found that he had been with the Union forces at that place, when I questioned farther. His philosophy was so peculiar, that I will give his views in his own words, as near as my memory will serve me:

"Were you in the fight?"

"I had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa, an' would have run soona, had I know'd it was comin."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sa; cookin's my professhun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side of life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly."

"Yes, sa, I does; more dan all dis world; more dan a million dollars, sa; for what would dat be worth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preserbashun is de first law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Kause, sa, different men sets different value upon derselves; my life is not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me when de power of feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you."

"Nuffin' whatever, sa."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes, sa; dere would have been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in the scales 'gainst any guberment dat eber existed, for no guberment could replace de losss to me. 'Spect dough dat de guberment be safe, if da is all like me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"Maybe not, sa. A dead white man ain't much wid dese sojers, let alone a a dead nigga; but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."—*Exchange.*

Not Afraid of the Devil.

A colored man named Nelson is owing a butcher on Beaubien street five or six dollars, and after trying in vair to collect the money, the butcher and a friend put their heads together the other night and laid a plan. About midnight they called at Nelson's house, and he was awakened by a rap on the window.

"Who's dar?"

"The Devil!" solemnly replied the butcher.

"You is, hey?"

"Yes. I want you."

"What fur?"

"You refuse to pay your butcher, and I am sent to take you to the bottomless pit!"

"You is?"

"I am! Come forth at once!"

"Ize comin'!" replied the negro as he jumped out of bed: "I can't pay dat six dollars half as easy in any odder way, an' de old woman is so mighty cross Ize glad to get away from home."

The butcher and his friend didn't wait for Mr. Nelson to come out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Running the Chances.

The other day a colored resident of Vicksburg found a botttle of whisky in the suburbs of the city, and halting a pedestrian, he inquired:

"Dat's whisky, ain't it?"

"Smells like it, and I guess it is," was the reply.

"An' dere ain't no pizen in it?"

"Well, there may be—I can't tell; I shouldn't want to drink it."

"If dere was pizen I'd be a dead nigger, eh?"

"You would."

"An' if dere wasn't any pizen I'd be wastin' a pint of good whiskey?"

"Yes."

The finder turned the bottle over and over, smelled of the contents three or four times, and finally made ready to drink, saying:

"Dere's heaps of pizen lyin' around loose, but dere's also heaps ef niggers in Vicksburg, an' Ize gwine to tip up de bottle an' run de chances!"—*Vicksburg Herald.*

☞ Ramsey, in his "Scotch Reminiscences," relates this anecdote: "How is it, sir," said a Scotchman, who had all the aversion of his country to the sight of a paper in his pulpit, "how is it you read instead of preach your sermons?" "I read them because I can not remember them." "And, sir, if ye that mak' them canna mind them, how do you think we can?"

☞ "Talk about the extravagance in dress of women!" cries Martha Jane exultingly. "What do you say to Tweed's six million suit, I'd like to know? He isn't a woman, I guess."

☞ Why is a lunatic like an empty house? Because there's a vacant stair.

How to Have Beautiful Hyacinths in Winter.

Late in December, after our fall stock of bulbs was disposed of, we found a dozen or more hyacinths of various colors which had been overlooked. To keep them from spoiling they were hastily planted in four or five large pots, and these set away in an outbuilding, where they would be free from frost and have very little light. There they were left for three months, and nothing done except to water occasionally. Expecting little or nothing from them, they were not noticed till leaf and flower stock were both perfectly developed. The light had not been sufficient to color the flowers, and these were of a dirty pale green. The pots were now brought to the sitting-room and placed in the full sunshine, and in a few hours each spike had assumed its natural tint. The effect was very beautiful. Not a bulb had failed—red, purple, yellow, blush and white were all large and perfect.—*American Garden.*

Week Day Religion Wanted.

In 1870 there were in the United States 93,000 church edifices, with nearly 22,000,000 sittings; and the church property was valued at $354,483,581. How much of the religion represented by all this is applied? How much of it is carried in from the church to the store? What effect has it on the market? Does it guide or restrain the political office-holder? Does it prevent employers from grinding the face of the poor man by cutting down their wages to pay for their marble stores and family extravagance? Does it make men and women pure and honest and truthful in their every-day life? To do these things is the province of religion. And yet it seems that quite another meaning is being given in modern times to the mission of our Savior. Men do not go to church to learn the true principles of business; women do not go to find out the duties of wifehood and motherhood; servants do not go to be taught the value of their master's time and property. We may sit in our pews Sundays the year through; we may hear the sermons, sing the hymns, or finger the beads; but, unless we carry the Sunday precepts into the week-day work—unless we do to others as we would they should do to us—we are no better than rank humbugs and hypocrites.—*Boston Pilot.*

☞ Blessed forever and ever be that mother's child whose faith has made him the child of God. The earth may shake, the pillars of the world may tremble under us, the countenance of the heaven may be appalled, the sun may lose his light, the moon his beauty, the stars their glory; but concerning the man that trusteth in God, what is there in the world that shall change his heart, overthrow his faith, alter his affection towards God, or the affection of God to him?—*Richard Hooker.*

☞ A rich eccentric Belgian wrote lately to his relatives to come and see a coat he had ordered. They, imagining the invitation meant a breakfast, went and were astonished to see a series of coffins, which the original was trying one after the other, he having caused them to be made by a number of different joiners. At last he found one which suited him, laid down in it, took some poison, and expired suddenly.

☞ A woman purchasing some cups and saucers was asked what color she would have. "Why, I ain't particular," said she; "any color that won't show dirt."

☞ "Piety," remarked an Arkansas preacher to his congregation, the other day, "does not consist in noise. The Lord can see you give the needy just as easy as he can hear you pray the roof off."

☞ Some young men in Louisville have formed an "anti-lift-your-hat-to-a-woman society." Now let the Louisville young ladies form an "anti-bow-to-a-puppy society."—*New York Herald.*

☞ The best thing out: An aching tooth.

The Hon. William D. Kelley, in his speech at Atlanta, Ga., said that in front of his house in Philadelphia stands a huge chestnut tree planted by George Washington, and that in his house are pictures of most of the signers of the Declarations of Independence and other heroes of the Revolution and many mementos of that period. He added that he had offered his house to the British Legation as their headquarters while at the Centennial, and the offer has been accepted.

Mr. B.—"Good morning, sir; I come to tune your piano." Deaf old gent on the porch—"Eh? didn't understand what you said." "I come to tune your piano." "You will have to speak louder; I can't hear what you say." "I come to tune your piano." "Oh! you come from Louisiana, do you? Well, that's good; sit down and tell us all about it."

The late eccentric Marquis of Waterford offered a railway company £5,000 if they would allow him to witness the exciting spectacle of two engines dashing into one another at full speed from opposite directions on the same line; but the company could not see the matter in a sporting light, and the offer was respectfully declined.

Florida papers report an almost total failure of the sponge crop, while Northern free-lunch saloon clerks say that there are more sponges around this Fall than they ever saw before.

Facts and Fancies.

The dentist's epitaph: "He is filling his last cavity."

In what meter should "Up in a balloon" be sung? Gas meter.

If captains were less reckless, there would be less wrecks.

Men who are used to going it pretty fast—The Locomotive Engineers.

Stanley says that African mosquitoes are as big as a Kentucky chew of tobacco.

Oregon has a new town called Pay Up. It is said to be a good place for settlement.

A girl being accused of trifling with her lover's feelings replied, "I plead jilty."

The poet laureate has begun the commemoration in verse of the Prince's trip to India.

Why doesn't Sweden have to send abroad for cattle? Because she keeps her Stock-holm.

The Greek journals announce the death of Mrs. Black, Byron's "Maid of Athens." She was seventy-six years of age.

A Baltimorean has written a long article to show that Herzegovinian poetry is the best thing of the kind since Byron.

On the 70th anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, Thursday, Oct. 21, there were still living nine gallant veteran officers who took part in that battle.

A Brooklyn girl is engaged to be married to an Italian Count, and in the course of four or five years she may be looked for on the street with a hand-organ playing the usual rates.

A lazy man's churn has been invented in Vermont. It is adjusted to a wagon, and all a man has to do is to drive down for the mail, and when he gets back the butter has come.

Stonewall Jackson's daughter in another four years is going to take a husband out of the old Stonewall Brigade, even if he shall be its surviving member with both arms gone and no legs to stand upon.

Inhabitants of the planet of Mars can make the tour of the world there dry shod or in forty days if they have accomplished rapid transit. The land is not divided off in islands as with us, the amount of water being barely enough to form lakes.

Equality.—Lady Clara Vere de Vere: Can you tell me, Jane, what you most want for your wedding? Jane: Really, my lady, I can't 'ardly say. I 'ave'nt got nothing. But you'd know best, my lady. Anything just what you'd want, my lady, if you was in the same position.

The villagers at Oxford Furnace, in Middlesex county, N. J., held a wake on the body of Prof. Finnan a few days ago, and during the proceedings the professor, who had been thirty-six hours in his coffin, rose up and frightened all but two or three intimate friends out of the house. He had been in a trance.

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Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this everywhere prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only Scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERUPTIVE and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "*impurity of the blood*" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

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Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fevers, indeed for the whole class of diseases originating in biliary derangement, caused by the Malaria of Miasmatic Countries.

We are enabled here to offer the community a remedy which, while it cures the above complaints with certainty, is still perfectly harmless in any quantity. Such a remedy is invaluable in districts where these afflicting disorders prevail. This "CURE" expels the miasmatic poison of FEVER AND AGUE from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of its premonitory symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within the reach of every body; and in bilious districts, where FEVER AND AGUE prevails, every body should have it and use it freely both for cure and protection. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is that it contains no Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinism or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are *Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis* and *Derangement of the Stomach*, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the *intermittent type*, or become periodical. This "CURE" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike. It is an invaluable protection to immigrants and persons travelling or temporarily residing in the malarious districts. If taken occasionally or daily while exposed to the infection, that will be excreted from the system, and cannot accumulate in sufficient quantity to ripen into disease. Hence it is even more valuable for protection than cure, and few will ever suffer from Intermittents if they avail themselves of the protection this remedy affords.

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For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the *Pills* with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by *Ayer's Pills*, and stimulated into action. Thus incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite**, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers**, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhoea**, but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back** and **Loins**, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings**, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression**, a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

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Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists, LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

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Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelminitics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Compiaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

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